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THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANO-FORTE MUSIC, FROM BACH TO SCHUMANN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CARL VAN BRUYCK.

(Continued from page 162.)

AT about the end of the third decade of the present century, those two great geniuses, Beethoven and Schubert, had completed their artistic career. For a full century the musical movement which began with Haydn, from a new point of departure (the free unfolding of the melodic-harmonic style), had its field mostly in south Germany, especially in Austria, and still more especially within the city of Vienna. On the contrary, the two most prominent masters who continued the same movement, and, led by their own genius, strove to turn it into new paths, Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Robert Schumann, belong again to the north. They found the art, as generally practiced, shallow and degenerate. Beethoven and Schumann had already suffered under the influence, and Schumann for ten long years waged war against it even with the weapons of the word. The very ascendancy of piano-forte music on the one hand, and of Italian opera on the other, as well as the direction taken by the most respected representatives of piano music, with Hummel at their head, conducted to this degeneration. All art threatened to go under in a shallow, empty stringing out of phrases, in a merely sensuous jingle; and virtuosity began, particularly since the appearance of Liszt and Thalberg, to play the first part and to harvest the laurels (and not laurels merely!) which had been much more sparingly bestowed upon the great creative geniuses, to say nothing more.

With all the earnestness of a genuine artistic nature, Mendelssohn set himself against this running wild of art; and he it was, too, who did most to revive the half extinct interest in Sebastian Bach, in many respects the greatest musician of all times. He, as well as his genial and slightly younger contemporary, Schumann, introduced certain new elements into music, which (as Wagner justly maintains) had already completed its great

orbit, for every art exhausts itself at last. In the domain of Piano music these new elements are even more decidedly prominent in the productions of Schumann, especially the smaller works, than in those of Mendelssohn.

But before passing to a summary consideration of what these two most prominent representatives of the newest phase of music (with whom in some respects Chopin also should be coupled) have done in art, I will first mention, for the sake of greater completeness, two artists, one of whom, both as composer, and as virtuoso and teacher, exercised through several decades an important influence, namely, Ignaz Moscheles; the other, Ludwig Berger, to be sure, became of no remarkable importance for the general development of art, yet, on the part of the piano-playing world at least, deserves more consideration than seems ever to have fallen to his lot.

Moscheles as a Piano composer, belongs on the whole to the direction in which Hummel led off, and his Concerto in G-minor may be called one of its noblest products. His clever, interesting *Concert phantastique*, on the contrary, breathes a warmer, more impassioned tone than we commonly find in Hummel's compositions, since even those of a pathetic subject seldom deny a certain academic character. The *Etudes* by Moscheles have become favorites on account of their technical utility, and because this book of Studies unites the *utile cum dulci* in a felicitous and tasteful manner; it may be counted among the most excellent and most commendable works of its kind,—a kind which unfortunately through several decades has been altogether too much exploited, and has produced many weeds, among them Czerny's *Etudes*, which, devoid of all musical charm and ideal contents, degrade the young player to a mere rude machine. In the third part of the Moscheles *Etudes*, we remark already that striving after characteristic expression, so-called, which has become so important for the newer and still more the newest phase of art, and which we are accustomed to call "programme music." But on the whole this third part is inferior to the first two, and runs very much into the turgid style.

Of Berger I must be content here with merely mentioning the name, with the fact that of him too we possess some (in part) exceedingly fine Sonatas, and above all an *Etude* work of real genius, which, while it is "very useful for practice," at the same time affords rare artistic enjoyment — musical champagne — such as we get still more sparkling to be sure in these later days.

Less so from Mendelssohn, whose works on the whole bear a far more staid, collected character, than those of Schumann, especially his youthful productions, or those of Chopin, the Pole who was ripened in the Champagne province, whose muse shows now a dreamy, melancholy, gloomily impassioned, now an excessively bold and even a coquettish countenance, and in sheer nervous irritability is prone to welter in the sensuous charms of sound.

Mendelssohn, like Moscheles, of Jewish origin, seems of less conspicuous, or "epoch-making" importance for a history of piano-forte music (although he has "made a school"

decidedly), inasmuch as it can hardly be said that he has introduced an essentially new element on this field of art, although he did develop a certain individuality of style which found imitators on all sides. Moreover, Mendelssohn never concentrated his great artistic energies upon the piano-forte, as Chopin did, who spent nearly his whole force on that, or as Schumann did in his first period. One of his most brilliant firstlings was an orchestral work, the altogether charming, highly genial Overture to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In his admired and famous *Songs without Words*, for the piano-forte, he has indeed in a certain sense given a new form. Yet not unfitly may, for example, the Adagio in Beethoven's C-sharp minor ("Moonlight") Sonata, and Field's Nocturnes, be designated also as *Songs without Words*; in fact the predominance of *Cantilena*, and a more homophonous structure altogether, forms the distinctive characteristic of the more modern instrumental music. Under the influence of song writing, it has already become decidedly prominent in Schubert, just as in the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, compared to those of Bach, the contrapuntal, polyphonous element recedes into the background before the melodic-harmonic, homophonous manner. Mendelssohn, although a very rich mind, yet much inferior in inventive faculty to Beethoven, the incomparable, had formed for himself a quite peculiar phraseology, which, although with ingenious variations, recurs continually in most of his instrumental, at any rate his piano-forte works, whereby they acquire a certain mannerism, — which, by the way, may also be remarked in Mozart (much more than in Haydn), and from which, among all the epochal composers and tone-poets of old or modern times, only Beethoven and Schubert seem to be wholly free.

There also reigns in Mendelssohn's piano music, taken as a whole, a certain sentimental elegiac trait on the one hand, and a nervous passionate excitement on the other, which has become a fundamental feature of all modern art. The plastic repose, the lovely, beatific harmony, in which Haydn's and Mozart's, and for the most part, too, Beethoven's creations glide away like silver swans, or like the eagle, in majestic flight, sailing through the sea of clouds, has vanished out of art. The blooming muse betrays a sickly tendency, and her announcements show at times a great resemblance to feverish dreams. While the triad of the three great masters, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, can be considered almost as a unity, whose elements have strengthened in a century's development, it may be said that the Melody so firmly founded by these masters has since fallen into an unquiet, wavering condition, and has more and more given way to ingenious but vague restless phrases floating up and down. Music is undergoing the same transformation that we see also in the phases of Painting; drawing steps back, the outlines of the forms melt more and more away, while the element of color presses into the foreground. This change was already prepared, on various sides, through Beethoven, in the works of his last period, and through Schubert, on the one hand, as it was through Hummel and the virtuoso tendency on the other, and it has been

furthered by the general course of mental, moral, and artistic culture. And it stood out in the most marked manner, both on the positive and the negative side, precisely in the works of Schumann, of whom I have yet to speak somewhat more fully.

Of Mendelssohn's piano-forte works, therefore, I must content myself with remarking that, far as they fall behind the productions of his great overpowering and unapproachable predecessor, Beethoven, still they have in them a rich fullness of fascinating, genial tone-life. I will only name expressly, and wholly by way of example, the Concerto in D-minor; the superb Variations in E-flat; the beautiful Sonata in D for piano and violoncello; the Fugue compositions, not strict in form, to be sure, but full of life and soul, and always to be counted among the noblest products of the muse of tones; and perhaps, also, those very lovely and interesting inventions, the *Lieder ohne Worte*, on account of the important influence they have exerted in more ways than one. But it was the elfin, fairy element which the great artist succeeded in expressing in the most admirable and genial way; hence we find this manner of expression so frequently recurring with him, as it predominated in his surprisingly early and wonderful *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture. In poetry and painting, likewise, at that time, there was a fond reawakening of these phantoms of elves and water nixies; with Mendelssohn they made their triumphant and most brilliant entry into the tone-realm, which possesses just the fittest means of expression for these airy creatures born of human fancy.

(Conclusion in next number.)

HOW ROSSINI WROTE "OTELLO," AS RELATED BY ALEXANDER DUMAS.

(Translated from *Figaro*, Paris.)

ROSSINI had just arrived at Naples, already preceded by a great reputation. The first person he met after leaving his carriage was, as might have been expected, the impresario of San Carlo. Barbaja was in front of the *maestro*, arms and heart open, and without giving him time to advance a step or speak a word, said: —

"I come to make you three offers, and I hope you will refuse no one of them."

"I will listen to them," replied Rossini, with that delicate smile that you know.

"I offer you my house for yourself and your attendants."

"I accept."

"I offer you my table for yourself and your friends."

"I accept."

"I make you an offer to write for me and my theatre a new opera."

"I don't accept!"

"How? You refuse to work for me?"

"Neither for you nor for anybody. I am not going to write any more music."

"You are mad, my dear sir."

"It is as I have the honor to assure you."

"And what did you come to Naples for?"

"To eat maccaroni and sip ices. It is my delight."

"I will have ices prepared for you by my *li-monadier*, who is the first of Toledo; and I myself will cook maccaroni for you that will make your mouth water."

"Diable! that becomes enticing."

"But you will give me an opera in exchange?"

"We will see."

"Take a month, two months, six months, all the time you desire."

"Say six months, then."

"It is understood."

"Let us go to supper."

From that evening the Barbaja palace was placed at the disposition of Rossini. The proprietor completely eclipsed himself; and the celebrated *maestro* was enabled to feel quite at home, in the strictest acceptation of the word. All his friends, or even simple acquaintances that he met in his promenades, he unceremoniously invited to Barbaja's table, to whom Rossini did the honors with perfect ease.

As to Barbaja, faithful to the rôle of cook that he had imposed upon himself, he every day invented some new dish, opened the oldest bottles of wine in his cellar, and treated all the strangers that Rossini brought to his house as if they had been the best friends of his father. Only toward the end of the repast, in a careless way, and his lips wreathed with smiles, he would slip between the fruit and the cheese some allusions to the forthcoming opera, and the brilliant success it must have. But whatever oratorical precaution the honest impresario made use of to remind his guest of the obligation he had contracted produced no more effect than would the three words at the feast of Belshazzar. These incidental reminders by Barbaja became unpleasant to Rossini, and he finally politely requested him to withdraw in the future from the *dessert*!

Meantime the months rolled away; the libretto had been long time finished, and as yet nothing signified that the composer had set himself at work. To dinners succeeded country parties, — the chase, fishing, horseback riding, etc. Barbaja was in a fury twenty times a day, and bursting with the envy of *éclat*. He controlled himself, however, for nobody had greater faith than himself in the incomparable genius of Rossini.

For five months Barbaja kept silent with exemplary resignation. But the morning of the first day of the sixth month, seeing that there was no more time to lose, he drew the *maestro* aside and held the following conversation with him: —

"Ah, my dear sir, do you know that it only lacks twenty-nine days for the fixed epoch?"

"What epoch?" asked Rossini with the surprise of a man to whom one has addressed an incomprehensible question, intended for another.

"The 30th of May."

"The 30th of May?"

Same pantomime.

"Did you not promise me a new opera to be produced on that date?"

"Ah, did I promise?"

"Tis all nonsense now to pretend astonishment," cried the impresario, whose patience was at an end. "I have awaited the utmost delay, counting upon your genius and the extreme facility in work with which God has endowed you. Now it is impossible for me to wait longer; I must have my opera."

"Can't some old opera be arranged with a new name?"

"You think that possible? — and the artists expressly engaged to sing in a *new opera*?"

"You can put them under fine."

"And the public?"

"You can close the theatre."

"And the king?"

"You can hand in your resignation."

"All that is true to a certain point. But if neither the artists, the public, nor the king can keep me to my promise, I have given my word, sir, and Domenico Barbaja has never failed in his word of honor."

"That makes a difference!"

"Then promise me to begin to-morrow?"

"To-morrow, impossible; I have a fishing party at Fusaro."

"Very well," said Barbaja, thrusting his hands in his pockets, "we'll talk no longer about it. I will see what part it remains for me to take."

And he left without another word.

That evening Rossini ate his supper with a good appetite, and doing the honors at the impresario's table as if he had entirely forgotten the discussion of the morning. In withdrawing, he charged his servant to awaken him at daybreak, and to have the boat ready for Fusaro. He then went to his room and slept the sleep of the just.

Next day, the five hundred clocks which the blessed city of Naples possesses struck twelve, and Rossini's servant had not yet made an appearance; the sun darted his rays through the shutters. Rossini awoke with a bound, half rose in bed, rubbed his eyes and rang! — the bell rope remained in his hand.

He called through the window that looked into the court, — not a sound to be heard.

He shook the door of his room; it resisted all his efforts, being walled up on the outside.

Then Rossini, returning to the window, began to shout for help. He had not even the consolation of the response of an echo, the Barbaja palace being the deafest building in the world.

Only one resource remained to him: to jump from the fourth story window; but to the praise of Rossini it must be said that he never for one moment thought to do that.

After the lapse of a full hour, Barbaja showed his cotton cap at a window of the third floor. Rossini, who still stood at his own window, felt like flinging a tile at him; he contented himself, however, in overwhelming him with imprecations.

"Do you wish anything?" sang up the impresario in a wheedling tone.

"I wish to get out of this room at once!"

"You will get out when your opera is done."

"But this is arbitrary imprisonment!"

"Arbitrary if you like it: but I must have my opera."

"I will complain of this to all the artists, and we will see."

"I will put the artists under fine."

"I will inform the public!"

"I will close the theatre."

"I will go even to the king!"

"I will resign my position."

Rossini perceived that he was caught in his own net. Also, as a clever man, he changed his tone and manner, and said in a calm voice: —

"I accept the joke and will not be angry. But may I know when I am to have my liberty?"

"When the last scene of the opera is in my hands," replied Barbaja, lifting his cap.

"All right; send this evening for the overture."

At night Barbaja promptly received a sheet of music, upon which was written in large letters, "Overture of *Otello*."

The salon of Barbaja was filled with musical celebrities at the moment when he received the first installment from his prisoner. One of them immediately sat down to the piano to decipher the new *chef d'œuvre*, and concluded that Rossini was not a man, but that, like a god, he created without effort and without work, by the sole power of the will. Barbaja, rendered nearly frantic with joy, tore the sheet from the hands of the admirers and sent it to be copied. The next day he received another installment, on which was written "First Act of *Otello*." This, like the other, was immediately sent to the copyists, who performed their work with the mute passiveness that Barbaja had accustomed them to.

At the end of three days, the partition of *Otello* had been delivered and copied. The impresario could not calmly abide his happiness. He embraced Rossini, made the most touching

and sincere excuses for the stratagem he had employed, and begged him to conclude his work by attending the rehearsals. "I will go myself to the artists," replied Rossini lightly, "and hear them sing their rôles. As to the orchestra, I will hear them at my rooms."

"Very well, my dear, make your own arrangements. My presence is not necessary, and I will admire your masterpiece at the general rehearsal. Yet once again, I beg you to pardon the way in which I have behaved."

"Not a word more of that, or *I shall* be angry."

"Then at the general rehearsal?"

"At the general rehearsal."

The day of the general rehearsal finally came: it was the evening prior to this famous 30th of May, which had cost Barbaja so many panics. The singers were at their posts, the musicians took their places in the orchestra, Rossini sat at the piano.

A few elegant ladies and privileged men occupied the proscenium boxes. Barbaja, radiant and triumphant, rubbed his hands, and walked back and forth, whistling. The overture was first played; wild applause shook the arches of San Carlo. Rossini arose and bowed.

"Bravo!" cried Barbaja. "Let us have the cavatina of the tenor."

Rossini reseated himself at the piano; everybody was silent; the first violinist raised his bow, and all re-began to play the overture. The same applause, yet even more enthusiastic if possible, broke forth at its conclusion.

Rossini rose and bowed.

"Bravo! Bravo!" repeated Barbaja; "now let us pass to the cavatina."

The orchestra began for the third time to play the overture.

"Ah, there," cried Barbaja exasperated, "all that is delightful; but we have n't the time to play that from now till to-morrow! Begin the cavatina!"

But despite the injunction of the impresario, the orchestra continued none the less to play the overture. Barbaja threw himself upon the first violinist, and taking him by the collar, shouted in his ear: "Why the devil have you kept playing this for the last hour?"

"Why," he replied with a phlegm that would have done honor to a German, "we play what has been given us."

"But turn over the leaves, imbeciles!"

"We turn and turn, and find only the overture."

"How? only the overture!" cried the impresario paling, "it is then an atrocious mystification?"

Rossini rose and bowed.

But Barbaja had fallen motionless in an armchair. The prima donna, the tenor, everybody crowded around him. For a moment it was feared that he was stricken with apoplexy.

Rossini, grieved that his joke had taken so serious a turn, approached him with real anxiety.

But at sight of him, Barbaja bounded like a lion, roaring at him:

"Away from here, traitor, or you suffer harm."

"Let us see! Let us see!" said Rossini smiling, "if there be no remedy."

"What remedy, villain? To-morrow is the day for the first representation!"

"What if the prima donna should be suddenly ill?" murmured Rossini in a low voice in the impresario's ear.

"Impossible! she would never be willing to draw upon herself the vengeance and sourness of the public."

"You might persuade her a little to it."

"That would be useless. You don't know Colbran."

"I thought you on the best terms with her."

"All the more reason."

"Will you permit me to try?"

"Do whatever you like: but I warn you that it will be lost time."

"Perhaps."

On the following day, the announcement appeared on the doors of the Saint-Charles that the first representation of *Otello* was postponed on account of the indisposition of the prima donna.

Eight days later, *Otello* was given.

Everybody to-day knows this opera: we have nothing to add. Eight days had been enough for Rossini to make Shakespeare's *chef d'œuvre* forgotten.

After the fall of the curtain, Barbaja, weeping with emotion, sought the *maestro* everywhere in order to press him to his heart; but Rossini, yielding doubtlessly to that modesty which is so becoming to success, had hidden himself from the ovation of the crowd.

The next day Domenico Barbaja rang for his prompter, who also filled the rôle of *vale de chambre*, and being full of impatience sent him to present to his guest the felicitations of the previous evening.

The prompter appeared.

"Go and pray Rossini to come down here," he said.

"Rossini is gone away," replied the prompter.

"How! gone away?"

"Left for Bologna at daybreak."

"Without a word to me?"

"Yes, Monsieur! he left you his adieux."

"Then go and ask Colbran if she will allow me to call upon her."

"Colbran?"

"Yes, Colbran! Are you deaf this morning?"

"Excuse me, but Colbran is gone."

"Impossible!"

"They left in the same carriage."

"The wretch! . . . She has left me to be Rossini's mistress."

"Pardon, sir, she is his wife."

"Ah, I am avenged!" said Barbaja with a peculiar smile.

M. W. F.

RICHARD WAGNER TO THE NEW WORLD.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet —

HERR RICHARD WAGNER thinks — and probably some people agree with him — that he has said enough in European hearing about his artistic aims. "The Old World," he tells us, "and especially that part of it included in our new Germany, will hear no more from me directly on this subject." Herr Wagner, however, has considerably exempted the New World from the pains and penalties of his silence, and he has now written, for the *North American Review*, a paper, "The Work and Mission of my Life" which he leads us to believe no European editor could have torn from him with wild horses. Happy America! But why this preference? In the first place, because the Old World is hopeless. Beethoven was a giant, but after him came "the Jew Meyerbeer," with his coarseness and triviality; Mendelssohn, who could do no more than introduce into music a "graceful good society element"; and Schumann, "a tasteful composer of little, spirited, and pleasant songs and pieces for the piano," who took to writing symphonies, oratorios, and operas. Under the auspices of these men, and others like them, "the German intellect degenerated into a complete unproductiveness in art, severing the living and active bonds that bound it to a great national past, and undertaking to create, unaided, an art intended only for 'amateurs' and 'connoisseurs'." Dis- gusted at all this, Herr Wagner looks hopefully to America as the place where the German spirit will soon reach "untrammeled development," for in that land the German mind can swell out in freedom, "unoppressed by the wretched burdens left upon it by a melancholy history." This, and much more like it, will please the master's transatlantic readers, and it really sounds very big and grand; but when we call to remembrance that the fullest Wagnerian expansion of the German art-spirit is represented by a drama compounded of gods, giants, dwarfs, talking birds and beasts, a magic ring, a flavor of incest, and a good deal of dreary music, the temptation arises to suggest an expansion of American protective duties in the form of a heavy poll-tax on German immigrants. — *D. T. in London Musical World.*

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MUSICAL MATTERS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

BY DR. EDUARD HANSLIK.

ON returning home, after a longish absence, we often find on our writing-table something which has altogether refused to turn up during our journey: materials for a feuilleton. Thus I was welcomed back by a neat pile of new musical works, newspapers, and letters, among which I found a great deal calculated to interest my readers as well as myself. Above all, there were several communications from Paris, where there is never any want of activity in the domain of music.

HISTORICAL BALLETTS IN PARIS.

In a letter from a friend I find a description of the fête recently given by Gambetta, as President of the Chamber of Deputies. The newspapers have supplied their readers with plenty of particulars. But one part of it strikes me as sufficiently new and important to have attention again directed to it: I allude to the execution of various *old dances*. Gambetta had dances of the time of the Revolution executed in his salons with the original music and in the costume of the period. The first realization of this original idea, which rises far above mere amusement, I myself witnessed last year in Paris, and still retain a fresh and lively impression of it. The Paris Exhibitions, it must be acknowledged, greatly excelled in one respect all other undertakings of a similar nature; namely, in the extraordinary hospitality and unbounded sociability displayed towards every visitor. Nowhere else had a foreigner, with good recommendations, a juror, a government commissary, or an exhibitor, enjoyed such ample opportunities for attending brilliant private parties as he enjoyed in Paris. The first dignitaries of the state and of the city, and, above all, the ministers, considered it their duty (a duty utterly ignored in other countries) to do the honors of Paris to foreigners. Almost every week one or other of the ministers gave a brilliant evening party, at which you heard the most celebrated singers and virtuosos. As a proof of the well-nigh unsurpassable richness and variety of the programmes on such occasions in the year 1867, I will mention an evening party given by Marshal Vaillant, Minister of Fine Arts, when a one-act comedy, an old comic operetta, and some unpublished operatic fragments of Meyerbeer's were performed in costume by the leading members of the Théâtre-Français, the Opéra-Comique, and the Grand Opera. It seemed as if the best displays of the kind were exhausted in the palmy year of the Second Empire, and that nothing was left for the gatherings during the Exhibition of 1878. But the French always discover something new. On the 11th June last year, M. Bardoux, Minister of

Public Instruction, offered his guests an entirely original and charming entertainment, namely, a historical concert in dances. This certainly comes under the category of novel surprises, and should excite emulation in other quarters. But such an idea cannot be carried out so easily, for it requires two persons with whom we do not often meet: a scholar conversant with dances, and a *danseuse* who is also a scholar. The minister found the former in Théodore de Lajarte, a man thoroughly well versed in the history of music, and the latter in Mlle. Laura Fonta, of the Grand Opera. The two between them arranged the whole entertainment in conformity with old choreographic drawings, pictures, and scores. We first witnessed, on a pretty stage at the extreme end of the large apartment, two much talked-of dances of the sixteenth century, the *Pavane* and the *Volte*, executed, in French Court costume of the period, by three female and three male dancers from the Opera. The *Volte* was one of the most popular, if not exactly the most moral, dances. It was requisite that the male dancer should be a strong man, a *cavalier gai-lard*; he had to whirl his partner round several times and then lift her high up in the air. Yet the *Volte* was danced at all Court balls, and Queen Margot was celebrated as a famous *Volteuse*. Completely unlike the *Volte*, the *Pavane* was full of ceremonious dignity, and danced by the gentlemen with cloak, sword, and covered head. For the first time in our lives we saw all this, like some old picture vivified, with our own eyes. The whole wound up with the famous "Flower Ballet" from Rameau's *Indes Galantes* (1753). Mademoiselle Fonta and twelve other ladies represented the flowers, round which blustered and sighed two male dancers under the masks of "Boreas and Zephyr." No description can convey, even approximately, a notion of the exceptionally charming picture, so historically true as regards costume, dances, and music. As already mentioned, Théodore de Lajarte, the learned keeper of the archives at the Grand Opera, superintended the musical part, which he had executed by merely five violins and a piano. This accompaniment proved much too small for the dimensions of the large apartment, which was acoustically bad; the music sounded somewhat as though it had come telephonically from Brussels or London.

A HISTORY OF INSTRUMENTATION.

The remark of some one near me that even Lully had employed 24 violins ("Les 24 violons du Roy") was the signal for a conversation on the different handling of the orchestra at different periods, and drew from me an expression of regret at our not yet possessing a *History of Instrumentation*. I remarked that, in the labors of Coussemaker, Fétis, Chrysander, and Ambros, we had merely valuable contributions for such a work, as far as regarded more especially oldish music, but no systematic account, coming down to our own days, of how men used to score at different periods and in different countries and schools. I did not know that a gentleman seated quite near me was then engaged on precisely such a work. His name was Henri Lavoix (Flis), and his book, just published in Paris by F. Didot, is called *Histoire de l'Instrumentation depuis le 16iéme siècle jusqu'à nos jours*. The work fills up a gap in the literature of musical history, and is not the first instance of the French anticipating the Germans in musical erudition. Lavoix's *Histoire de l'Instrumentation* supplements and admirably illustrates G. Chouquet's *History of French Opera*, and Lajarte's *Catalogue raisonné* of the Grand Opera, to speak only of works of the most recent date. It con-

tains a mine of information set forth lucidly and pleasingly. It traces the origin of instruments back to the Middle Ages, and follows their development down to the scores of Richard Wagner, while it admirably characterizes the style of instrumentation patronized by various nations and their most eminent composers. If there is anything we miss in the book it is tables with musical examples and diagrams. The latter are best found in the richly illustrated new work, *Les Instruments à Archet*, by A. Vidal, and the former in Berlioz. These works have recently been supplemented, too, by an admirable and welcome monograph, *Les Types des Instruments*, published in the *Gazette Musicale* by that thoroughly profound and clever Parisian critic, Jean Weber. — *Lond. Mus. World.*

(To be continued.)

MR. JOSEFFY'S DEBUT IN NEW YORK.

THE young Hungarian pianist, Rafael Joseffy, who made at Chickering Hall last night his first appearance in America, achieved an instant and brilliant success. If little has been heard about him here, it is because hitherto he has almost confined his sphere of activity to Vienna, and musical news is longer and more uncertain in reaching us from Vienna than from any other part of the world. Musicians and connoisseurs, however, were not ignorant of his popularity in the Austrian capital; and the concert last night was attended by a throng of accomplished and expectant listeners who watched the performance with the most critical care. In the applause of such an audience an artist finds the best ratification of his title to fame.

To most of the assemblage we presume that Joseffy was a great surprise. When we hear of a phenomenal young pianist, especially of the modern school, we usually think of a "pounder." Joseffy is anything but that. He is brilliant, yet not noisy, dashing without clatter. Neither does he dazzle us with flashes of irregular splendor, or overcome us with outbursts of passion and tempest. His playing, full as it is of light, of life, of glowing color and of strong feeling, is justly measured and exquisitely symmetrical. Indeed, 't is most brilliant when 't is most delicate. It is when Joseffy executes the softest passages of Chopin that we feel surest in declaring him the most dashing of all pianists. His execution is not more remarkable for its facility than for its nicety. There is perhaps no pianist now living whose work is so clean. Every note has its exact value and makes its exact effect. Every phrase is so clear that it shines; and every little embellishment keeps its outlines perfect. Nor is his precision the result of mere mechanical practice. It seems, on the contrary, to be the simplest expression of a poetical nature highly endowed with a sense of the beauty of form and proportion. Coupled with this elegance of execution is a wonderful — we are tempted to say an unparalleled — beauty of touch. By touch we mean the sensuous quality of the tone evoked from the instrument through some indefinable art in striking the key, — an art wholly distinct from that of execution, which has to do with combinations and successions of notes rather than with the timbre of each one. If Joseffy's style was a surprise, his tone was a revelation. Few of us believed that the piano could produce sounds so sweet and so varied. Whenever he pressed the key-board he dropped jewels from his fingers.

He played last night with the assistance of an orchestra sympathetically and adroitly conducted by Dr. Damrosch. His first selection was Chopin's beautiful Concerto in E minor. The opening Allegro was played with extreme ele-

gance and a composure that seemed to give the audience some astonishment. The Romanza was warmer. In the Rondo the blood of the artist coursed still more rapidly, and here we had one of the most remarkable exhibitions of virtuosity on the pianoforte that we can call to mind. It roused a storm of enthusiasm, and the performer was recalled again and again. Next came a group of solo pieces: in Bach's *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue* Mr. Joseffy's style did not differ very materially from that of other interpreters; in two of his own transcriptions, or études, based on Boccherini's Minuet and Chopin's Waltz in D-flat, he displayed some of the choicest graces of his execution, although it must be confessed that he added little of value to the themes chosen for embellishment, and that he robbed them of characteristic charms. For a recall he played "La Danza," from Liszt's *Venezia e Napoli*. Lastly, in Liszt's E-flat Concerto, he manifested powers in a more stately vein than the first part of the entertainment had called forth, and so he kept the delight of the audience increasing to the very end.

The last test of an artist is in the ability to interpret the deepest thoughts of the grandest composers. It is in this that Von Bülow is great. What Joseffy may be in this respect cannot be determined from the selections presented last night. — *Tribune*, Oct. 14.

TALKS ON ART.—SECOND SERIES.¹

FROM INSTRUCTIONS OF MR. WILLIAM M. HUNT TO HIS PUPILS.

XV.

YOUR picture is not quiet enough. Things don't keep their place. A picture that's running around might as well be a mouse. You make too much point of everything. You make everything count. Look! there's a *whole*! Your picture is not. It is all in parts. Things torment you. Don't hook your eye upon an object and draw it up here just as a lobster catches his food. Don't begin by making exceptions! Begin with your rule. Better have things under-cooked than over-done. Food over-done is not fit to give to a beggar.

Be critical; and keep things where they are. Keep them in the frame. Hang what people say — "That head stands out so well — from the frame!"

Painting is the representation of things that are away from you. You paint what is beyond you. First, the sky; then the distance; next, middle ground; last, foreground, with figures, perhaps. Don't make things too visible! Give people spectacles; but don't spoil your work!

You would all paint better if you did n't think so much of what other people will say about your work. Suggestion is the biggest thing in the world. It is a great deal bigger than a fact. Paint the vague something that you see. Don't try to be smarter than nature.

Distance never lends anything but enchantment. Don't lose your distance! Crack ahead! You're a little bit too conscientious; I mean about painting. I want to see you get vagueness, distance, the subjections which one thing has to another. Learn to sacrifice one thing to surrounding objects! You see a calf staring over a fence. You paint your calf as he looks to you; but if you paint the sky as you think you see it, without any reference to its relation to the calf, you'll find your sky stuck fast to his ears, instead of being four thousand miles away. But I'm not going to bother you any more. Yours truly!

¹ Copyright, 1879, by Helen M. Knowlton.

Get your mind off of your work for a minute and then go at it like a cataract.

I've carried that portrait as far as I can carry it safely. I know that I am ambitious; and I know that I should like to go on with it as long as I could see anything to do. But I know that if I did so I should carry it steadily backwards; so I oblige myself to stop where I am. I tried to represent an impression. I have done that; and to go and get other qualities that I should like would be to sacrifice something of the simplicity and dignity of the whole.

If you want to make an impression, you must sacrifice as many details as possible. Keep your figure strong, and undisturbed by little things that hinder, not help, and it will strike the beholder like an apparition. If you are going to paint a ghost, you don't give him sixteen rows of buttons. A great sweep of vague drapery, and a figure in it.

But some people would never be satisfied with that. After a Beethoven Symphony they want a little *Jim Crow* tucked on to the end of it to make it pretty.

Your background is too yellow. It makes you think of paint. Anybody would know that you painted it with yellow-ochre. The best thing you can do is to paint it right out with black and white and cobalt, and paint your yellow tints into that. Don't bury your figures under a tombstone of yellow ochre, so that after a year's time, when they come to light, they look wriggling and distressed, as if they had been buried alive.

You get a thing yellow by painting it of some other color, and then using the yellow only where it is needed. If you are painting a tiara of gold, paint the band solidly with black and white, and then touch in the yellow-ochre, full and frankly, and the tremble of the blue or black will help the color of the gold. *

You must "go in" for something! You can't go in for nothing at all.

It isn't always the thing you see that's the best. Put in all the pretty things that please your fancy, and you destroy the simplicity of the whole.

You must n't be so ambitious!
"How can I help it?"

You can't.

"I was told when in Europe, to 'work, work.' So I began to paint early in the morning, almost before light" —

An excellent time to paint — when you can't see color!

"Yes; and I painted all day, sometimes without eating, even working late at night by gas-light. I did that seven years, until I lost my health."

And now for seven years you ought to go out of doors, sit under a pine-tree, and say, "What a fool! What a fool!"

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1879.

OUR PLANS.

As with the waning year the musical season grows apace, threatening to be more absorbing and more multifarious than ever, we feel the need of all the room our little sheet affords for doing anything like justice to the musical interests and topics of the day. Our columns, therefore, will be henceforth devoted almost exclusively to musical subjects, although we are not bound always to exclude a brief contribution upon other arts, or even of a purely literary character, — for instance, a short poem now and then, *if very good!* The literary element so far has hardly amounted to enough, in quantity at least, to justify its introduction in a paper like this, while we have wanted all the space it occupied for matters purely musical or in some way related to music. Miss Knowlton's interesting reports of the lamented Wm. M. Hunt's "Talks on Art" will still go on until her stock of notes is exhausted; but beyond this we can make no promises regarding any art but music. We look for more of those readable and instructive articles from Mrs. Ritter, in continuance of the series so charmingly begun with her "Study" on George Sand and Chopin. That was music, poetry, art, nature, all in one! Mr. W. F. Apthorp will still be a frequent contributor, sometimes furnishing, as he has so well done before, an editorial "leader." Nor will any of our valued correspondents and contributors be wanting, while new writers will be coming to the front.

Just now we want more room particularly, — and we intend to take it, — first, for musical intelligence, a summary of events in all parts of the musical world; and secondly, for brief reviews of the more important musical publications. We have still further plans *in petto* to be matured before the expiration of the present year and volume, for enlarging the scope of this journal, so as to make it more fully an exponent of the musical activity that centres here in Boston, while it will keep an outlook upon what is passing elsewhere, and make more full report of it than heretofore.

IS ROBERT FRANZ A FAILURE?

I HAVE been much surprised, since I wrote an article on "Additional Accompaniments to Bach and Handel Scores," which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1878, to find a great divergence in opinion on this subject among musicians I have chanced to talk with. I had thought Franz's position in this matter as undisputed among unprejudiced musicians as I now think it unassailable. The opponents of Franz in Germany can be fairly ranked in two classes: those of the first class are not musicians, and those of the second are composers, much of whose work in the same field has been so severely (and to my mind so justly) criticised by Franz and his friends, that their attitude toward him must needs have a polemical character. In the wholly rabid condition of what might be called "musical politics" in Germany, it was humanly unavoidable that such a publication as Franz's notable "Open Letter to Dr. Eduard Hanslick" should estrange from him both Johannes Brahms and Josef Joachim, and their legion of sworn admirers.

But certain private expressions of opinion by musicians who have no manner of personal connection with the quarrel between Franz and Julius Schaeffer, on one side, and the Leipziger

Bach-Verein, on the other, have struck me as so well worthy of consideration, from their wholly unpartisan origin, that I would here try to answer at least some of them.

Much stress has been laid upon the undoubted fact that, with the exception of the "St. Matthew-Passion," the Franz scores of Bach Cantatas that have been performed in Boston (the "Magnificat" and the "Christmas Oratorio") made a very unsatisfactory effect. This is certainly *prima facie* evidence against Franz. But it would have been nothing short of miraculous if these Cantatas had made a satisfying effect, given under the conditions they then were given under. I would not be thought for a moment to hint at any incompetency in the musicians (singers and players) who took part in these performances; the difficulty did not lie there in the least. The difficulty lay wholly in either a total want of appreciation, or a total disregard, of the fact that the musical conditions these scores demand are different, *toto caelo*, from those demanded by the works our choral societies habitually produce. It is well known that Bach's Church Cantatas were written for very small vocal masses; even the slightest study of his scores will show that his treatment of orchestral instruments, in respect to their mutual dynamic relations, differed totally from that of composers of a later period. In his style of instrumentation Bach shows little or no regard for that superior power of the strings over the wooden wind which was the basis of orchestration in Mozart's and Haydn's day. In fact, Bach's orchestral scores look much more like chamber-music than they do like what is nowadays considered as orchestral writing. Even in *forte* passages his oboe or flute parts have an importance in the contrapuntal web of the music such as no composer of a later period would have thought of giving them. Each separate voice in Bach's orchestra is as important musically, and should be made so dynamically, as the others. It is very evident that the modern practice of doubling the violin and viola parts, so as to give them the supremacy in the orchestra, cannot give his scores their due effect. Now Franz has scored his "additional accompaniments" wholly in harmony with Bach's style, and the rules that apply to the proper production of a Bach score apply with equal force to the production of Franz's arrangements.

The dynamic relation between orchestra and chorus is also an important matter. It is quite plain that choral compositions in which not only the orchestra as a whole, but every single instrumental part, plays so important a role as in Bach's, will suffer greatly by having the choir so large and powerful as virtually to overbalance the instruments. The true conditions for the proper performance of a Bach Cantata are to have every vocal and instrumental part equally, or very nearly equally, strong. It is almost needless to say that these conditions have never been observed here. Our orchestra has been composed in the same way, and has borne the same relation to the chorus, as in performances of "Elijah," "The Creation," and other works which are scored on a totally different principle. The flutes, oboes, and clarinets have been wholly unable to assert themselves against the strings, and have been, moreover, rendered doubly impotent by their position on the stage, surrounded and deadened as they were by large choral masses, and by having their tone reach the audience filtered through that of the violins and violas, a process which is admirably adapted to give full effect to Beethoven symphonies, but which works much ruin with Bach.

W. F. A.

(To be continued.)

THE Hereford Festival (156th meeting of the three Choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester) began September 9, with a service, followed by *Elijah*, with Mme. Albani, Miss Anna Williams, Mmes. Enriquez and Patey, Messrs. McGuckin, W. H. Cummings, and Santley as soloists. Second day, Purcell's *Te Deum*, and Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* (parts 1 and 2), with Miss Thurby, Mme. Patey, Mr. Cummings, etc., and Spohr's Psalm: "How lovely are thy dwellings." Third day, Dr. Arthur Sullivan's *Oratorio, The Light of the World* (Miss Thurby, Mme. Patey, Messrs. Cummings and McGuckin for tenors, and Mr. Santley, bass; after which, Haydn's *Imperial Mass*. There were also evening miscellaneous concerts, and a concert of chamber music.

**A CALIFORNIA MUSICAL INVENTION.
THE BOW PIANO AND THE VIOLIN PIANO.**

THE following history and description of a curious, possibly a valuable musical instrument, which many will remember to have seen at the Philadelphia Exposition, we print for what it is worth. Not having witnessed it ourselves, we cannot judge of its importance. The article, as we received it from a writer in California, who is well informed upon the subject, is introduced by brief historical accounts of the various bow instruments of the violin family, and of the piano-forte by itself. But this is matter so familiar as to be unessential to an understanding of the new invention, so that, considering the length of the article for our small space, we make bold to omit it, and come to the point at once. We have no doubt of the great ingenuity of the invention, but only time and artists can decide whether it be a real gain to music as an art. Whether it is not better that the violin should be a violin, and the piano a piano, each filling the distinctive sphere in art which it has always done, is a question which will force itself upon our mind. The mechanical invention may be very interesting in itself, but the aesthetic, the artistic question is the one on which the whole matter turns. Whether pianists will compose better music, and perform it better, by having a quasi violin, or viol, or violoncello grafted on their Chickering or Steinway "Grand," — that seems to be the question. As a general experience, all such mongrel products of the marriage of instruments of different temperament and genius have proved very unsatisfactory to true artists and musicians. But now hear our correspondent: —

THE BOW PIANO.

The first attempt at making a "bow piano" was made in 1610, when Hans Hayden of Nuremberg in Germany turned out an instrument which he called "Gamba work." This new instrument had a finger-board and was shaped like a piano of that time. It was supplied with gut strings, and by pressure on the keys these strings were thrown against small wooden rollers covered with parchment and rubbed with resin. These rollers, connected by a very narrow belt, were governed by a larger wheel, and a pedal connected with the larger wheel put the whole apparatus in motion and, by means of friction, produced the sounds. Hayden's bow piano was improved upon by Johann Hohlfeld of Berlin in 1757, and his improvement consisted simply in covering the rollers, instead of parchment, with horse-hair also rubbed with resin, against which the strings were pressed by the same means. After Hohlfeld, seven or eight persons made experiments with the view of constructing a bow piano, but no record exists of what they succeeded in perfecting. J. Carl Greiner, one of the best piano-makers of his time, revived the idea of a bow piano, and in the free town of Wetzlar, now belonging to Prussia, in 1782, invented one which had two key-boards, the upper to play the piano and the lower the bow piano. It was three feet eight inches long, one foot eight inches broad, and one foot high.¹

Greiner was the first who made an endless bow of parchment operating over rollers, the strings being pressed against the bow. It is not known how far it was a success. Carl Greiner, at his death, was succeeded in his business by his cousin Hans Greiner, the father of Frederic and George Greiner, but he was so occupied with the manufacture of pianofortes that he paid no attention to the bow piano. The idea rested from 1782 till 1835, when Frederic and George began to experiment on the bow piano. Many of their experiments were very costly, and at length the brothers came to the conclusion that only by using the natural shape of the violin, viola, violoncello and bass, which had not before been tested, could the sound of the violin be properly imitated by means of four endless horse-hair bows passing over rollers.

The new idea proved the correct one, and the new instrument was pronounced a decided success. This bow piano was arranged in this way: A double bass, a violoncello, a viola, and a violin, were fastened in such a way that one followed the other according to size. These instruments were then surrounded by a frame giving the whole the appearance of a small grand piano, and furnished with gut strings, rendering notes from the lowest bass to the highest treble, at that time intended for six but six octaves. The key-board was so arranged that on pressing down the keys a small lever, resting on the hind part of the key and at the same time connected upward with the gut, pressed the string against the bow. Each of the four instruments had its bow made

of horse-hair, endless in its action, and passing over two rollers. These four bows were put in action by a fly-wheel connected with the rollers, the fly-wheel being governed by a treadle. Each of the four violins had four bridges, and over these sixteen bridges seventy-three strings passed.

The sound was produced in the same manner as in a piano-forte, namely, by pressing the keys, but on the bow piano the sounds could be prolonged indefinitely by simply continuing the pressure on the keys, an attribute not possessed by the piano-forte. The performer was able, by greater or less pressure on the keys, to regulate the volume of sound and render the notes with more or less expression. On completing the new instrument, the Greiners gave concerts in Wetzlar, their native town, in the neighboring towns, in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and at many of the most fashionable bathing-places, where they were received with the greatest favor by the aristocracy and musical authorities. At Frankfort the celebrated composer and musician, Alois Schmitt, frequently played on it, and expressed himself as highly delighted with the bow piano. He complimented the inventors on the success of their experiments, which had exceeded all expectations. Schmitt recommended the brothers Greiner to Emil Steinkuhler, his most proficient scholar, and the latter, who is now a musical director and composer in Lille in the northern part of France, and received from Louis Napoleon the highest distinction, the "Golden Medal of Merit," played on the instrument very frequently, and spoke of it in unmeasured terms of praise.

In Weisbaden the Duchess of Nassau sent for the inventors to bring the bow piano to her castle. The lady was delighted at the performance of Steinkuhler on this instrument. At Ems, the Queen of Greece heard the bow piano, and expressed great satisfaction. Prince Fürstenberg, an excellent judge and patron of music, was much delighted with it. By an Englishman, George Greiner was induced to take his invention to England, where it proved a great attraction, and was highly approved by the composer, Moscheles. On returning to Germany, Greiner and his brother resumed the manufacture of piano-fortes, and continued it till 1848, when George left for America, leaving the bow piano with his brother in Germany. After some years, George received a letter from his brother stating that the gut-strings getting so dry had lost their elasticity and broke, and that to replace so many strings appeared to him too costly and tedious an undertaking, even for once in two years, for many persons. On hearing this George Greiner took no more pains with the bow piano, but discarding the whole idea turned his attention, while in America, to the invention of a more durable and simple instrument, to solve the question whether there could not be constructed an instrument having steel wire instead of gut-strings, and simple upright-moving horse-hair bows, producing sounds similar to those of other bow instruments.

THE VIOLIN PIANO.

After completing his plans and drawings, G. Greiner left Sacramento, California, in June, 1871, and visited his native town in Germany, and there, with his own hands, made the new "Violin Piano," having steel wires and upright-moving horse-hair bows. During the progress of the work new ideas of improvement so constantly presented themselves that five years passed away before the violin piano reached its present degree of perfection, and was a satisfaction to its inventor. The news of its completion drew crowds of the nobility to his rooms, and he was invited to visit Frankfort-on-the-Main and give there a concert, but he was unable to accept, as the Centennial Exposition was close at hand. In 1876 the new instrument was exposed at the Exhibition in Philadelphia, and a few months after its arrival a part of the roof of the main building fell in, and as it was raining heavily in the night time, the violin piano and quantities of other goods were more or less injured. At the close of the Centennial, the instrument, after being thoroughly overhauled and repaired, was removed the following spring to Chicago, and thence to Sacramento, thus showing satisfactorily that it can stand all fatigues of transportation and any change of climate. At the Exposition the violin piano was constantly the attraction for admiring crowds who seemed never to weary of listening to its notes, and predicted a handsome fortune for the persevering inventor. During the progress of the Centennial Exhibition, six months, all the Eastern papers of any prominence made favorable notice of the violin piano. Emil Seifert — a performer on the violin and a musical critic of established ability, acknowledging that there had been felt for a long time a desire to produce, on the piano, continuous sounds similar to those of the violin — writing to the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, thus speaks of the new instrument: —

"George Greiner, of Sacramento, California, exhibits a unique and interesting instrument, of which he is the inventor, that is, a violin piano, or a piano which, in addition to the ordinary tone, gives a prolonged note similar to a violin or a 'cello, and produced by the same means, that is, drawing the bow of horse-hair across the strings. The form is similar to that of a grand piano, but the principle can be introduced in any shaped piano. The stringing consists of ordinary steel piano-strings of seven octaves. Each tone has a string, and each string has an upright violin bow. The bow arrangement is made of a steel frame, between which the violin bows are placed. This frame, with the enclosed bows, is put in motion by a pedal causing a perpendicular movement of the bows. The mechanism of the

action is constructed so that a small upright lever fastened in the hind part of the key presses against the bent lever with a small roller, and this against the bow in order to produce the tone. The power of this tone depends upon the pressure upon the keys. Above the strings three wooden forms are suspended, which can be raised or lowered through different pedals. In this form, damping buttons are placed which rest upon certain points of the string, thus originating flageolet-tones. In the first form, by which the dampers touch the centre of the string, the octave in flageolet tone is produced. In the second form the damper touches the third part of the string, and produces the fifth. In the third form the damper touches the fifth part of the string, producing the upper third. The entire three flageolet pedals are governed by the left foot."

In June last, Professor Remenyi, the celebrated Hungarian violinist, visited Sacramento and gave several concerts. While in that city he visited Greiner's rooms for the purpose of seeing and hearing the violin piano. He expressed himself as highly delighted and gratified with the grand and genial idea, and with the beautiful tones produced by the steel wires and violin bows. He sincerely wished that the new instrument would soon be generally introduced.

The violin piano can be used as a solo instrument, like the piano-forte. It can be used in churches, in private residences, and as an accompaniment to any kind of musical instrument, and also the human voice, when it gives very general satisfaction. As yet, no composer has written music intended particularly for this instrument, but there is now a large field for such composition. As the violin piano is capable of prolonged sounds, it will be found much easier to produce rich-sounding music for it than for the common piano, the full sound of which is of but momentary duration. The key-board of the violin piano is the same as that of the piano-forte, but the touch of the fingers is entirely different. In the former the player presses on the keys, producing a stronger or softer sound as he may wish, while on the common piano the fingering is a succession of strokes or hammering. The pedal which controls the bow frame of the violin piano can be moved by the performer's foot or by means of a crank governed by another person, or by clock-work if it should not be convenient for him to move the pedal for himself. At first all piano players find it difficult to play on the violin piano for the reason that they are accustomed to strike in a hammering way, whereas the performer on a violin piano must learn to press his fingers on the keys as the violinist does his bow on the strings. The true beauty and perfection of the violin piano can only be shown by a performer who thoroughly understands the instrument. To expect them from others would be as useless as to look for the latent beauties of the genuine Cremona from a novice whose knowledge of the violin causes him to be a welcome visitor at a negro break-down.

The action of the violin piano is much simpler than that of the piano-forte, and can be used a great length of time without requiring any repairing. The friction of the horse-hair on the polished steel wires is so slight that the bows can be used for years without the loss of a single hair, a resin of peculiar composition being used for sharpening the bows. Should circumstances require the insertion of a new bow, it can readily be done, and the same character of sound will be retained; while in the case of the piano-forte, should a new hammer be required, it is difficult to produce the same character. The sound of the violin piano, like the violin itself, improves the longer it is played upon.

From what has been above written concerning it, it will be apparent that there is no reason why the violin piano should not become a leading musical instrument. The attention of manufacturers is called to the fact that the instruments differ so widely that the manufacture of violin pianos will not interfere with that of piano-fortes, and that the general introduction of the former will establish a new and important industry, giving employment to thousands of artisans in factories, which may be carried on in connection with piano-forte establishments. It would be a matter of regret should the violin piano remain longer withheld from the musical world. In the violin piano there is a new and interesting field in which composers who thoroughly understand the instrument may display their genius and ability.

The writer feels satisfied that the violin piano is destined to become a general favorite with all lovers of music, and that should one or more piano-makers purchase the inventor's patent and enter upon the manufacture of violin pianos, they would be well rewarded for their labor and outlay, besides receiving the gratitude of the music-loving public.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Sept. 24.

PACIFIC.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

THIS is the season when those little *whorls* of five to seven migratory artists, which go waltzing over our wide country nearly all the year, come down upon the city to engage a little brief attention before the bigger planetary bodies that give concerts, the regular organizations, have got the steam up for their annual revolutions. (There's a mixed metaphor for you!) But many of these little concert companies are like planets, too, in that they are satellites about some central star; one them actually takes the name of "Pleiades;" whether the "lost Pleiad" is among them we are not informed. In plain prose Boston has been visited of late by various small concert companies, who give us the old miscellaneous sort of

¹ Reference is made to Edward Bernsdorff's "Universal Lexicon of Music" published in Dresden, 1857, page 234.

solo programmes, strings of solos, each calculated to entrap an encore.

We have had the Carlotta Patti troupe three times, with the great Music Hall hardly half filled. But the humor of applause prevailed with plentiful encoring. Mme. Patti is what she always was, a very brilliant, finished, and in every technical way accomplished vocalist. She can make perfect runs and trills, and she can flash arpeggios, every note distinct and bright, throughout a wide soprano compass; she can execute with the precision of an instrument the most difficult and florid passages; she can hold out a high tone, swelling and diminishing its volume to a marvelous degree, and she is very fond of doing it. In fact she is a complete music box in perfect order. Everybody knows it, and everybody says it; there is but one mind about her; so that our humble opinion can hardly go astray in this. But the singing is without one spark of soul or feeling; the only expression is a certain genial good-naturedness, the same in all she does. The Aria from *Rigoletto*, therefore, and that other bright but soulless Verdi melody, *Eruami, involami*, found the right interpreter in her. Dr. Arne's "Where the bee sucks" was given with playful grace. And her Spanish songs, though some of those wild shouts were coarsely overpowering, were given with a dash and freedom, as well as a fine execution, that pleased her audience mightily.

For support Mme. Patti had Sig. Ciampi-Celai, apparently a Frenchman, of good presence, whose voice is a baritone of good quality, afflicted with *tremolo*. He sang well worn Arias by Verdi, Faure, Mattei, etc., but made no strong impression. The pianist, Mr. Henry Ketten, is remarkable in some respects. There is great decision, certainty, distinctness in his touch, and in his phrasing; every detail comes most clearly out. He has great execution, and great strength, which shows itself as much in his delicate passages as in his frequently too boisterous fortissimos. Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, was very effectively rendered. For an encore he played Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's Turkish March, with clock-like precision of time and accent (rightly so), and admirably in all respects. His own little genre compositions ("Margaret at the spinning wheel," "Spanish Serenade," and "Castagnetta") showed a delicate fancy and were exquisitely played. His paraphrase on *Faust*, too, was clever in its way. But we were less pleased with his interpretations of Chopin, particularly the Polonaise in A-flat, in which the heroic temper ran too wild and fierce; it was extremely noisy.

Decidedly the finest artist of the group was the violinist, Mr. Ernest De Munc, whose tone, style, feeling, execution, place him among the real masters of his (when so handled) most expressive instrument. He made a fine impression with Piatini's Fantasia on the *Sonnambula*, introducing that ever beautiful "Phantom chorus." Schubert's "Le Desir," also made a capital theme for the instrument, but Servais's variations, in their forced transformations for effect, to show off the player, were not all in keeping with it, as Beethoven's variations always are, however unexpected.

Miss Persis Bell will be remembered here as a strong and healthy Western girl, who became one of the foremost of Mr. Eichberg's violin pupils, playing the Bach *Chaconne*, and works of like calibre, in a way that astonished people. Several years since she went abroad for further study and now comes back married, a well trained singer with a sweet voice, as well as a violinist. Sig. Leandro Campanari, and his wife, Persis Bell Campanari, gave their first concert last Monday evening at Union Hall, before an audience appreciative but far from numerous. The Signor is a young man, of small and delicate mould, with face "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," evidently of sensitive nature, who plays the violin with great purity and sweetness of tone, and a good deal of execution. His tone is not large, and he inclines more to the emotional than to a vigorous, manly style, seeming most in his element in the "Elégie" by Bazzini and the "Sonata" (Heaven save the mark!) by Paganini. Yet there is something poetic in his feeling, which was shown to more advantage in the Andante and Polonaise by Vieuxtemps, of which he played the latter movement with great fire and verve. In the great Schumann Quintet (first movement) with Pianoforte by Mr. Lang, and Messrs. Allen and the brothers Heindl, he led a good performance with spirit and intelligence; so, too, the delightful Quartet by Haydn, in B-flat, Op. 20, No. 2, which closed the entertainment.

Mme. Campanari showed such sustained power and mastery in her violin solo, the *Air brillant* by Vieuxtemps, that we wondered at her seeking a new career as singer. She has a good voice, sweet and full, with a pleasant *timbre* or tone-color, and she sang three little songs by Gounod in a style simple and expressive. But Rossini's "Una voce" is somewhat beyond her power of easy execution; in the high passages her voice seemed strained, and there was a certain pupi-like uncertainty in the whole effort.

Mr. Lang, besides his masterly piano playing in the Schumann Quintet, played the first movement of Rubinstein's Concerto, Op. 45, which is of a highly romantic and Fantasia-like Sonata form, and very interesting. Mr. Fenollosa sketched in the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano.

We trust this artist couple will be heard again, and by a larger audience.

The Redpath Lyceum crowd has enjoyed two more concerts. We can speak only of the last (Tuesday evening,

October 21), which certainly was, in one point of view, a remarkable sign of the times, — a sign of progress, if things are what they seem. It was simply a classical Chamber Concert (Violin Quartets, etc.), in the great Music Hall (an unfit place, of course), and actually listened to with respectful silence, and heartily applauded after every number by two thousand people! Such things were never seen six years ago. The managers had announced Mme. Gerster for that evening, but ill health delayed her coming over to this country, and the whole programme had to be changed. It was an original thought to engage an excellent Quintet Club from New York, consisting of Miss Lina Anton, pianist, and the Herren Richter and Van Gelder, violinists, Kisch for viola, and Müller, 'cello. Also Miss Matilda Phillips, the contralto, and Signor Runcio, a fine tenor, one of the new members of Col. Mapleson's opera troupe. The vocal selections, though well sung, were of a hackneyed kind compared to the instrumental, which were: A beautiful String Quartet of Haydn (Op. 64, No. 5 in D); Beethoven's Romanza in F; Violin Solo by Herr Richter; piano solo: a tarantella and the great Toccata and Fugue in D minor by Bach, very creditably rendered by Miss Anton; a slow movement from Rubinstein's Quartet in E-flat (Op. 17, No. 2); the Canzonetta from Mendelssohn's Quartet, Op. 12; an Adagio and a Schlußmeierlied (Carl Schubert and F. Ries) for 'cello solo; and three movements of the Schumann Quintet with piano. Verily a bountiful quantity, considering the quality, for the digestion of a great popular audience!

Here our review must pause for want of room. There is more to speak of which occurred that evening.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CHICAGO, OCT. 15. — Our musical season has been somewhat tardy in commencing this year, and although we have had a number of concerts, they were mostly of minor importance. Yet in the near future a number of fine entertainments are coming to us, and as early as next week the Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe will visit our city. It will be an honor for me to transmit to the JOURNAL word-echoes of our music, accompanied by such reflections as are called up in the mind by the tone-pictures that will be given in my hearing. In this Western land, where all is activity, and the rush of the money-makers lends an excitement to the scene, our musical circles are often affected by spasmodic influences, sometimes disadvantageous to our steady progress. The love of change and novelty often enters into the public liking to such a degree as to make us seem capricious in our taste. What the public will support most enthusiastically one season will pass without much notice the next, and some new fancy will be the idol of the hour. In matters of home effort this uncertainty of public taste is often a serious hindrance to positive advancement. Many musical organizations have held their own for a short period upon the tidal wave of success, only to find themselves engulfed by the changing currents of public disapprobation, which the breath of a new sensation called into being. In the musical circles, when considered in their widest sense, there is no fixed standard of judgment, but the emotional element of caprice seems to be, to a large extent, the prevailing element. As long as this condition is a fact, so long will there be an uncertainty in regard to the public support given to praiseworthy undertakings for the advancement of art.

During the past season our home organizations had to make every effort to keep themselves financially strong enough to live, and although they offered to the public interesting concerts at which noble works were performed, their success was but that uncertain one that a breath can sweep away. Yet our public gave \$58,000 for an opera season of two weeks, which surely indicated that money was plenty enough. As I look out upon the opening season, and watch the active preparations that are being made by our home musical societies for the public's pleasure, I can but wish that they will receive that appreciation and hearty support which they so richly merit. But uncertainty must be made to give way before a steadfast standard of taste on the part of the public, which will support that which is excellent and beautiful because they love it, before our musical enterprises obtain a healthy, life-sustaining existence. To do this, there is but one way, namely, to educate the public musically, until they appreciate what is beautiful by knowing why it is so. This education can only become generally operative when the wealthy music-lovers are willing to offer tribute to the art they call beautiful by paying something toward its support. When we see that some of our rich people aid in the advancement of music by helping to support liberally the undertakings of our home societies, then we will realize that the art is taking a positive hold in their regard. Then musical culture will no longer be an affectation but a reality.

From these reflections I turn to notice briefly some of the concerts of the month. The first of any note was a Pianoforte recital by Miss E. M. Huntington of New York. She had the assistance of Mrs. C. D. Stacy, Mr. James Gill, and Mr. Frank Baird. The pianoforte selections were: "Ende vom Lied," Schumann; Polonaise in A-flat, Chopin; 1st movement of the Concerto in C minor, Raff; "Rhapsodie" No. 10, Liszt; and smaller pieces by Henselt, Rubinstein, and Scharwenka. While the lady's playing indicated study, and showed a fine technique, and in the brilliant

numbers there was a splendid display of power, yet the refinement, and sentiment that the musical listener loves to observe was lacking.

On Saturday, October 4, Mr. H. Clarence Eddy gave his first organ recital with the following programme:

Fantasia and Fugue in G minor (Book II., No 4).
Bach (1685-1750).
"Allegretto" in B-flat Lemmens (1823-).
Introductions and Variations, Op. 45, Merkel (1827-).
Songs: (a) "Es war ein Traum" Lassen (1813-).
(b) "Du meine Seele"

Mr. James Gill.

Organ Symphony in G minor, No. 6, Op. 42.
(New) C. M. Widor.

I. Allegro, — II. Adagio, — III. Intermezzo,
Allegro, — IV. Allegretto, V. Finale Vivace.
(First time in this country.)

Aria: "O ruddier than the Cherry" (from "Acis and Galatea") Handel (1685-1759).

Mr. James Gill.

"Orpheus," a Symphonic Poem Liszt (1811-).
Concert-Satz in E-flat minor Thiele (1816-1848).

Mr. Eddy was greeted enthusiastically by the audience, and his playing was so artistic as to win for him still greater appreciation. The programme was well arranged to show the ability of the organist. Perhaps the interest may be said to centre in the New "Organ Symphony" of Widor. It is a work of much beauty, although rather long to come late on a programme. It brings out new effects in organ playing, however, and will interest musicians, even if it may not claim public admiration from the first hearing. Mr. James Gill sang the pretty songs of Lassen in an enjoyable manner, and he made a marked success of the Handel Aria. I have never heard the gentleman sing with a better appreciation of the different shades of sentiment than at this recital.

Mr. S. G. Pratt gave a pianoforte recital under the auspices of Park Institute, presenting selections from Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, Dupont, and Liszt. He had an appreciative audience which seemed to enjoy his playing very much. Between the numbers came some songs from Schumann, Franz, Schöndorf, and one by Mr. Pratt. They were sung by a tenor voice.

At Hershey Hall on Saturday last we had the first Chamber Concert of the season by Mr. Eddy, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Eichheim, assisted by Miss Denison, soprano. They played the Trio No. 6 of Haydn, and the Trio Op. 1, No. 1, of Beethoven. Mr. Lewis played, besides, a Romanza from Op. 27, by Ries; and Miss Denison sang three songs by Rubinstein and one by Kirehner. As this was the first appearance of these gentlemen in trio playing this season, they were not as fully in sympathy with one another as they will be after more opportunity of practice together. While their performance had many enjoyable points, it was not such as to carry the critical listener beyond the limits of qualified praise.

Mr. Emil Liebling has underlined for a number of "Musical Evenings" to be given by himself and pupils. I attended the first one, and saw the results of his teaching in some intelligent playing by his pupils.

Mr. W. S. B. Mathews will shortly give a number of lectures upon musical subjects, illustrated by good pianoforte playing from the works of the representative composers. He has been very successful in this line of work, and is creating and extending musical interests, in a way calculated to advance a love for what is best in art.

C. H. B.

BALTIMORE, OCTOBER 21. — Since the beginning of the month we have had several concerts, the Italian Opera has but just departed, and the Peabody Conservatory has opened; so that the season may be said to have fairly commenced.

Important additions are to be made to the Conservatory programme. A chorus is now being formed which will meet once a week during the winter for the cultivation of oratorio music with a view to producing an oratorio in the spring, if practicable. There will also be a series of twenty-three string quartets (weekly) for the special benefit of the members of the chorus. All this will be under the direction of Prof. Fritz Fincke, who has been appointed vocal instructor (for German music, Prof. Baraldi continuing to teach according to the Italian method). Prof. Fincke is from the good little city of Wismar, near Schwerin, the capital of Mecklenburg, and brings with him the most satisfactory credentials from Dr. Laugans, and other eminent foreign authorities. He has been for some years director of three singing societies, two in Wismar, and one in Schwerin, is a good violinist and organist, and has earned some reputation abroad as a critic and lecturer on musical topics. Besides taking charge of the chorus and string quartets, Mr. Fincke will lead the violin in the orchestra. The symphony concerts are to be put on a more reliable footing this winter — peculiarly. Subscriptions will be taken as usual, but there will be a sufficient appropriation from the Institute to insure a larger orchestra than that of last season. Annual membership tickets are again being sold at the rate of \$10, admitting the holder to eight symphony concerts, eight public rehearsals, twenty-three string quartets, the lectures of the director, and to the Peabody chorus if qualified. Certainly a good many privileges for ten dollars!

Season tickets for the symphony concerts are put at \$5, admitting one person to eight concerts and to the public rehearsals; double season tickets, admitting two persons, \$8. I doubt very much whether a symphony orchestra can be had anywhere for less than these figures. The programme for these has not yet been decided on, as the orchestra will not begin rehearsing until December.

The Wednesday Club, of which I wrote you last winter, proposes to pay considerable more attention to music hereafter than it has done.

The new hall of the club (which is in a most prosperous condition financially) is almost completed, and it is intended to give a number of small operas and concerts for the benefit of its members. A chorus is also being formed, to consist of one hundred voices, which will soon begin regular weekly practice under the direction of Mr. Fincke.

Of the concerts lately given here that of Miss Katie Cecilia Gaul deserves special mention. This young lady returned to Baltimore, her native city, after an absence of some eight years, which were mainly spent at the Stuttgart Conservatory. She was also under the tuition of Liszt, at Weimar. Her playing shows the careful attention to detail and the fine phrasing for which the Stuttgart school is so celebrated. After giving her concert here Miss Gaul left for New York to give one performance, and then proceeded to Cincinnati, where she has been engaged by Mr. Thonias to play in concert during the coming season.

The Italian opera, under Max Strakosch, gave four performances last week to poor houses, owing, no doubt, to the exceedingly close weather, for the leading characters are very good, and the fact that the everlasting *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, and *Traviata* were selected should have made it the more popular. The *Aida* performance was the only one which calls for special attention. The troupe is probably the best, as regards the leading performers, that Max Strakosch has ever had. The Misses Singer, and De Beloca, and the Messrs. Petrovich, Storti, and Castellmary each combine, more or less, a good voice with true histrionic instincts. They rendered Verdi's last opera in a manner deserving the highest commendation.

The single concert recently given here by Carlotta Patti was a most inartistic affair throughout, if we except the cello playing of Mr. De Munck, the selections for the most part being of the extremely frivolous order.

Last evening your correspondent had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Anton Strelezki, the recently arrived pianist. Piano Recitals are of rare occurrence here. Mr. Strelezki played from memory the following rather lengthy programme, and in a manner to keep the interest alive to the close: —

Toccata and Fugue D minor	Bach — <i>Tausig.</i>
Rondo A minor	Mozart.
Giga A major	Handel.
Sonata D minor Op. 31, No. 2	Beethoven.
Barcarolle, Valse A-flat, Nocturne C-sharp, Ballade, G minor, Etude Op. 10, No. 3, Polonaise A-flat	Chopin.
Caprice Russé	Tchaikowski.
Faschingchwank aus Wien	Schumann.
La Revene	Szemesznyi.
Minuetto	Schubert.
Elsa's Brautgang, (Lohengrin)	Wagner — <i>Liszt.</i>
Galop	Rubinstein.
He is a young man, only twenty-two years of age, of fine healthy physique, and his touch is both powerful and subtle. His most satisfactory performances were the Beethoven Sonata, the Nocturne in C-sharp, and the Ballad from Chopin, and the Tchaikowski, Schumann and Wagner selections. The Russian caprice exhibited a fabulous technique, and the break-neck speed of the Rubinstein galop was something wonderful to listen to.	
MUSICUS.	

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

LOCAL.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN is really coming, and will conduct a performance of several of his compositions (*The Prodigal Son*, probably *In Memoriam*, and other works) at the first Handel and Haydn Concert for the season, Sunday evening, Nov. 23. Rehearsals have commenced with unusual alacrity, nearly 600 singers in the chorus. — *The Messiah* will be given Dec. 28, and *Israel in Egypt* on Easter Sunday. — Miss Emma Thurby is definitively engaged for the triennial Festival in May.

THE programme of the second Philharmonic Concert (Listemann's Orchestra) will be found among our advertisements.

THE Euterpe has decided to give five Concerts this season: namely, on the third Wednesday of December, January, February, March, and April, as before, in Mechanics Hall. The New York artists of last year are engaged for two of the Concerts and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club for three. The programmes will consist always of two pieces, string Quartets or Quintets, namely three by Beethoven, two by Mozart, and one each by Haydn, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Raff.

RAFAEL JOSEFFY, the Hungarian pianist, famed for the delicacy of his playing, will give three recitals in Horticultural Hall, Oct. 30, 31, and Nov. 1.

MR. STETSON will begin a series of operatic performances at the Globe Theatre, October 27, by a company consisting almost entirely of resident musicians. Auber's *Crown Diamonds* will be given by the following well known singers: Miss Laura Schirmer, Miss Clara Poole, Mr. Charles R. Adams, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Frank Moulton, Mr. Henry G. Peakes, Mr. Clarence E. Hay. There will be a chorus of forty, and Mr. John C. Mullaly will be the musical director.

OPERA. — *Fatinitza* had delighted audiences at the Boston Theatre last week, and this week has been succeeded by a return to *Pinocchio*, both by the "Ideal" (1) Opera Company, which consists, however, of *real* singers, not shadowy sprites and nixies, to wit: Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Mary Beebe, Mesars. M. W. Whitney, Fessenden, Barnaby, and others. — The Emma Abbott Company opened at the Park Theatre on Monday evening with Gounod's *Faust*, Miss Abbott as Marguerite, Mrs. Seguin as Siebel, Mr. W. H. Macdonald as Mephisto, A. E. Stoddard as Valentine, and Tom Karl as Faust. On Tuesday, the *Bohemian Girl*; Wednesday, *Mignon*; Thursday, Friday, and to-day's matinee, *Paul and Virginia* (first time); this evening, the *Chimes of Normandy*.

FOREIGN.

LONDON. The scheme of the 24th series of Saturday concerts at the Crystal Palace is announced. There will be twenty-three concerts, eleven before and twelve after Christmas, commencing October 4. Mr. Augustus Manns continues as conductor. Among the important features will be these: —

Beethoven: The nine Symphonies, played in their chronological order (at the last nine Concerts of the Series). The First Movement of an unfinished Violin Concerto. Haydn: Symphony in E-flat, No. 8 of Salomon Set (first time at these concerts). Symphony in D, "La Chasse," No. 5 of Ritter-Biedermann's New Edition (first time at these concerts).

Mozart: Symphony in C (No. 6). Serenade for Strings, "eine kleine Nachtmusik," composed in 1787 (first time at these concerts). Ballet Music to "Idomeneo" (first time at these concerts).

Schumann: The four Symphonies, played in their chronological order (before Christmas).

Mendelssohn: "Antigone" (with condensed reading), the choral parts to be sung by Leslie's Choir. The concert will be conducted by Mr. Henry Leslie, and his celebrated choir will on this occasion sing several of its most favorite unaccompanied pieces. Scotch Symphony. Octet for Strings.

Schubert: A "Schubert Programme" will open the after-Christmas series, on the 31st January, in commemoration of Schubert's birthday.

Wagner: "Faust Overture," "Siegfried-Idyll."

Brahms: Variations on a Theme by Haydn. Piano-forte Concerto.

Amongst the works which are new to our programmes are the following: —

H. Hoffmann: Symphony, "Frithjof."

Raff: "Spring Symphony (No. 8, in A).

Listz: Symphonic Poem, No. 12, "The Ideal" (after Schiller).

Wagner: Scenes from "Die Meistersinger," as arranged for the Concert-room by the composer.

Verdi: Ballet Music, "The Four Seasons" (from I Vespri Siciliani"). Overture to "Aroldo."

Rubinstein: Symphonie Dramatique."

Ponchielli: "Danza delle Ore" (from "La Gioconda").

Mancinelli: Overture and Selection from the Incidental Music to "Cleopatra."

Bazzini: Overture to "King Lear."

Forani: Concert Overture, No. 1, in C.

Berlioz: Selections from "Roméo et Juliette" and "La Damnation de Faust."

Gounod: "Procession Sacré" and Selection from the Ballet Music to "Polyeucte."

Delibes: Cortège de Bacchus and Divertissement from the Ballet "Sylvia."

Saint-Saëns: "Le Rouet d'Omphale."

Svensen: "Carnaval de Paris" and Rhapsodie Norvégienne No. 4.

Dvorák: Slavonian Dances, Second Series.

Among the works of the English School intended to be brought forward are: Prelude and Funeral March from "Ajax," by Sterndale Bennett; Prelude and Fugue for Orchestra, by G. E. Davenport; Scherzo, by A. C. Mackenzie; a Concerto for Piano-forte, by C. H. H. Parry (Pianist, Mr. Dannreuther); and an Instrumental Piece by each of the four composers who have held the Mendelssohn scholarship: Dr. Arthur Sullivan, Dr. C. Swinnerton Heap, Mr. William Shakespeare, Mr. Francis Corder.

In addition to the important works enumerated, the programmes will be interspersed with lighter pieces, the special

favorites of the Crystal Palace audience, amongst which may be named: —

Funeral March of a Marionette	Gounod.
Mignon Gavotte	Ambroise Thomas.
Minuet for Strings	Boccherini.
Air de Ballet and Shepherd Melody	Schubert.
Two Minuets (from Serenade No. 1)	Brahms.
Dance of Nymphs and Reapers	Sullivan.
Air and Gavotte (Suite in D)	Bach.
Gavotte for Strings	Bazzini.
Largo	Handel.
Vorspiel to Third Act, King Manfred	Reinecke.
Dance of Persian Slaves (Le Roi de Lahore)	Massenet.

Our brief résumé (Sept. 27) of the Birmingham Festival, was accidentally clipped of its last two lines, and so omitted to mention *Israel in Egypt* as the grand concluding feature of the festival.

HERE RICHARD WAGNER is a person terrifying to the librettist. Roche's description of a day passed with the composer, the former hammering out the words, the latter the music, is very entertaining. Wagner arrived at seven o'clock, and they worked without respite until midday: Roche bent over his desk, writing and erasing; Wagner strode to and fro, bright of eye, vehement of gesture, shouting, singing, striking the piano, and constantly bidding poor Roche "Go on! Go on!" An hour or two after noon Roche, hungry and exhausted, let fall his pen, almost fainting. "What's the matter?" asked the composer. "I am hungry." "True; I had forgotten all about that; let us have a hurried snack and go on again." Night came and found them still at work. "I was shattered, stupefied," says Roche, "My head burned, my temples throbbed. I was half mad with my wild search after strange words to fit the strange music. He was erect still, vigorous and fresh as when we commenced our task, walking up and down, striking his inferior piano, terrifying me at last, as I perceived dancing about me on every side his eccentric shadow, cast by the fantastic reflections of the lamp, and crying to me ever, 'Go on! go on!' while trumpeting in my ears cabalistic words and supernatural music."

GROSS RECEIPTS OF THE THEATRES AND OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT IN PARIS FOR —

	1878.	1877.
	francs.	francs.
Opera	3,570,570	3,084,888
Théâtre-Français	2,389,221	1,939,760
Opéra-Comique	1,698,684	1,037,161
Italiens	690,403	569,588
Odéon	641,712	448,338
Lyrique (Gaité)	1,081,315	1,160,743
Gymnase	743,863	963,320
Vaudeville	1,107,513	986,071
Palais-Royal	945,770	842,518
Variétés	1,712,110	1,030,494
Porte-Saint-Martin	1,621,893	1,062,317
Renaissance	1,558,351	795,937
Châtellet	1,518,881	1,257,630
Historique	709,120	572,890
Bouffes-Parisiens	588,600	451,958
Amibigu	573,481	324,926
Folies-Dramatiques	1,208,524	780,821
Taitbout	29,227	119,448
Athènées	248,178	216,115
Cluny	176,137	183,393
Menus-Plaisirs	113,355	114,595
Château-d'Eau	270,409	281,548
3e Théâtre-Français	179,238	112,300
Fantaisies (Beaumarchais)	143,266	146,068
Folies-Marigny	33,131	26,300
Grand-Théâtre-Parisiens	11,909	26,279
Porte-Saint-Denis	6,515	17,167
Folies-Bergères	1,925,638	515,296
Théâtre-Miniature	14,327	28,750
Délassements-Comiques	2,751	—
Nouveautés	613,258	191,653
2 Cirques Franconi	936,914	843,543
Cirque Fernando	193,514	210,119
Cirque Américain	269,225	308,150
Hippodrome	2,403,075	450,569
Théâtre de Belleville	189,423	188,941
" des Batignolles	177,843	161,296
" de Grenelle	87,727	85,749
" des Gobelins	110,395	102,560
" Montmartre	114,518	131,238
" Montparnasse	82,993	75,231
" de la Villette	61,433	11,569
Folies Belleville	30,157	10,038
Théâtre Rossini	4,282	3,066
" Oberkampf	9,676	6,599
" Robert Houdin	73,003	65,048
Panorama (Ch.-El.)	439,415	130,196
Athènéum	13,557	10,510
Sum total	30,658,500	21,555,708

Annuaire Statistique de la France.

